HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I ENTER INTO NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVERY. I AM FOR JUSTICE, IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY, AND ACCORDING TO THE LAW OF THE LIVING GOD."

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ANTI-SLAVERY.

Anti-Slavery Meeting in London.

Lord Brougham having been voted to the chair, said, I feel it quite impossible to appear among you for the first time since events of the highest possible importance have taken place with respect to our cause, without shortly calling your attention to the present state of that great and most important subject. (Hear, hear.) After many years incessant labor, and making a progress which was slow at first, and within limits exceedingly circumscribed, the universal opinion and the heart-felt and deeply rooted sentiments in favor of liberty which existed in the people of this country finally prevailed and overbore all opposition. (Applause.) That great praise is due—that a debt of endless gratitude lies upon us and all mankind to those illustrious individuals who stood forward and led us on in this great combat, I am the last man among those who hear me that would be disposed to deny. (Hear, hear.) Some of those illustrious individuals have been removed from the scene of their labors, and of our triumphs, achieved thro' their ministration. Happily they were permitted to see their wishes—the first and dearest wishes of their heart, accomplished. (Applause.) But others still survive, and by a singular providence, he still survives, who first began the fight against the slave-trade as well as slavery itself. (Cheers.) Nor should I deem that I was discharging my duty adequately, or at all, if I could ever stand up in any meeting connected with the subject of negro emancipation or of the slave trade, without first of all pronouncing the venerable name of Thomas Clarkson. He it was who first in this country, and I might say almost in Europe, stood forth to denounce the iniquity of the African slave-trade; and he it was who first began the battle against slavery itself. (Hear, hear.)—But I am very far from saying that he stood alone—far from saying that he had not many illustrious and almost immediate coadutors.

[Lord B. then introduced the names of Wilberforce and Zachary Macauly, upon both of whom he bestowed high and merited eulogy.]

By the help of such men as these, our victory has been accomplished: it is great, it is splendid, it is consolatory. But do not run away with the notion that every thing or any thing like every thing, has been accomplished, and that nothing remains to be done. Slavery is put down by law in all the British settlements, but it is put down with a postponement of the enjoyment of perfect liberty by the negro. You cannot say he is free; but he is to be free. You cannot say his emancipation has been accomplished, (hear) but his emancipation has been decreed; and if we persevere, and if Parliament does its duty—and there is no better security for its doing its duty than your perseverance—and if the government which is accountable to you and to the parliament, continues to do its duty, and to redeem its pledges, the decree—the glorious and immortal decree which went forth to the uttermost corners of the earth in 1833—in the course of a few years will be accomplished, and freedom, unfettered freedom, will then be the lot of the hitherto oppressed slave. (Cheers.) But as long as slavery exists, though but in the mitigated form of apprenticeship; as long as one man has a power over his fellow being larger than any finite being was intended by his Creator to have ever any of his kind, so long as that power exists, if only for five or six weeks instead of for five or six years, the British Government, the British Parliament, aye and ten thousand times more, the British public will be called upon to work out the residue which remains undone of their great, good, and glorious undertaking; and to see that the oppressor shall not by one hair's breadth exceed the bounds which the law has prescribed. (Hear, hear.) Many men thought two years ago that the apprenticeship was a blot upon the measure of emancipation. Many men who even felt that the pecuniary compensation of £20,000,000. was great indeed, considering the circumstances of those to whom it was given and not without considering, also, permit me to add, the circumstances of those from whom it was wrung—yet these men, who had their doubts upon the point of the compensation to be afforded to the planters, and of those who so doubted, I profess to you that, whether upon the ground of justice or expediency, I was not one; but the men who entertained those doubts; though in the end they found they could agree to the pecuniary compensation; though they could for a while bury in oblivion the recollection of what a cursed thing it was in respect of which the compensation was awarded, namely, the loss of property in a fellow creature, they could not co easily forget or overlook the provision of apprenticeship. This subject I differ from them upon, though I can easily undersrand the ground upon which their scruples were founded; but the fact of there being any difference of opinion upon the point, makes it the more necessary that the fullest information should be obtained as to the working of the apprenticeship, in order, if need be, *that the measure of emancipation may receive from the Legislature an amendment in that important particular.* (Hear, hear, hear.) And I firmly believe that the planters themselves would not only not lose so much as their slaves would gain, by a great, if not a total alteration of that part of the law; but my belief is, that they would lose nothing at all, or perhaps gain more than they lost. This is a point open to controversy; it is a point upon which honest and conscientious men may entertain widely different opinions; it is a point which requires to be investigated with a view of discovering how, in fact, the laws of emancipation has been carried into effect in the colonies. (Hear.) This can only be done in Parliament. Do you urge on your representatives to demand this inquiry, and I will be answerable that the fruits of it shall be solid, substantial and useful. I have not the smallest doubt, that the Government and the Parliament, well disposed as they are to this subject, will only require the suggestion to set about so good, and as I hold it, so necessary a work; but, if you do not show that your eyes are open,—that your attention is awake,—that your sensibilities are alive in favor of this great subject, rely upon it, it is the nature of a Parliament, however honest—the nature of a government, however well disposed, to partake of a slumber in which they see the country plunged. (Hear, hear.) It is to arouse you from the trance in which the momentary success—the first and most important success of our measure may have plunged you; it is to awaken you from that slumber that is the principal object of the present meeting. (Hear, hear.)

There is another subject which, next to the apprenticeship, is, in my opinion, the most deserving of your attention. I allude to the great topic of instruction, and especially of the religious instruction of the poor negroes. (Hear, hear.) In the interval that is to elapse prior to the period of complete emancipation, it appears to me to be as much the interest of the masters as of the slaves themselves, that no obstacle shall be opposed in the way of moral and religious instruction. I wish not to say one word in favor of, or against any one particular sect of religionists more than another; but of this I am sure, that if a monopoly of instruction is to be given to any one sect, whether the Church of England, Fresbyterian, or Methodist,—if any one church or sect is to have the exclusive power of teaching or instructing in religious and other matters, there will be an end forever and altogether of any instruction whatever. (Hear, hear.) I never yet heard a man so hardy, how attached soever he might be to the Established Church—I name that first because it is the Church to which I myself belong,—I never yet heard a man, how deeply penetrated soever he might be with the superiority of our Established Church, who could pretend to say that the Church of England, as constituted, either at home or in the colonies, was adequate to the instruction of the negroes. (Cheers.) Many of the best Churchmen, some of the heads of the Church, and several distinguished Church Dignitaries, have frequently avowed to me that we must have what they call sectarian teachers to instruct the negro. (Loud cheers.)

[Lord B. then adverted to one of these sectarian teachers, (the martyred missionary Smith,) whose cause he had espoused before the British Parliament in the year 1824; and though he failed in accomplishing his whole object, the truths which were brought to light on that occasion had operated powerfully upon the minds of the people, and no doubt did much to prepare the way for the abolition of slavery.]

Nothing very decisive, however, was done until 1830, when one and the same month returned a free parliament (though the Reform Bill had not then been passed,) representing the sense of the people in England, and hurled from the throne of France an odious, a profligate, and persecuting tyrant. (Cheers.) I was at that time in the great county of York, where I obtained a victory chiefly by my devotion to the causes of negro emancipation and parliamentary reform; where I obtained a triumph by being returned to represent a county to which I was a stranger—a triumph which, as it was the sweetest enjoyment which my public life has afforded, was only torn from me by that promotion which wrested me from the people with a pang which is still unutterable. (Hear, hear.) It was then that in the Castle-yard at York, on the moment of my return, that I pledged the people of whom I had become the Representative, never to cease supporting, never to cease stimulating, never to cease (if I may use a fashionable phrase) agitating upon this subject, until I was enabled to grasp with the firmness, not of my feeble arm, but of their thousands of hands, the cursed and detestable weed of slavery, and to tear it forever from the soil, and brandish it over the heads of a liberated people. We have accomplished the greater part, or at all events the first and most necessary part of this great undertaking, and it will be our own fault if we do not continue our exertions till the whole work be finally completed. (Hear, hear.)

One word before I sit down, and that shall be in reference to those other countries which, having by a singular coincidence obtained their freedom about the same period when we began our effective struggle—the Americans having obtained their political freedom about the time when Thomas Clarkson began to agitate the question of the slave trade, and the French having obtained their restoration to freedom in the very same month when Yorkshire enabled us, by the spirit which it then exhibited, to accomplish the great object of emancipation, for which we had previously so long struggled in vain. That being the case, is it not melancholy as it regards France—is it not unspeakably mournful---nay, is it not absolutely monstrous (I use the term without meaning offence) as regards America---is it not matter of the profoundest wonder, that in a country which boasts of being the freest (and, politically speaking, it is one of the freest on the face of the whole earth,) should be the country which seems to cling the most closely to the slavery of the negroes, a slavery which, when compared with the fetters which they (the Americans) so nobly burst asunder, in their resistance to the oppression of the mother country, may be compared to straws laid upon the back of a camel? (Cheers.) Can this endure---can such an anomaly be perpetuated---can such gross, so violent, so egregious an inconsistency continue among 13,000,000 of enlightened men? I pronounce it impossible. (Hear, hear.) I have always stood forward as the fast friend of America. I have no doubt the advice I now give here in a spirit of candor and friendship, will be received by her in the same spirit in which it is offered.

In the like manner with respect to France, my steady attachment to the people of that country---my strong disposition to cultivate with them all the relations, not merely of peace, but of good will, of alliance, and of friendship---must exempt me from all suspicion of entertaining any invidious opinions or sentiments towards them. All that I am anxious for is, that they, as well as the Americans, should blot from their escutcheon the stain of slavery. (Cheers.)

[After having made a warm panegyric upon the talent and ability of the Duke de Broglie, the present Minister of France, and after having shown how it would be impossible for England to negociate with any other nation upon the subject of negro emancipation, although it was perfectly open to it to negociate upon the subject of the slave trade; Lord B. continued in these terms:] But it may be asked how I would subvert the slave trade, if it is not to be made a matter of negociation? My answer is plain: I find it in this immense meeting, speaking for itself on this occasion, and speaking, through me, the voice of all England, upon the repeal of slavery. (Hear, hear.) Though no negotiations can be entered upon, though no diplomatic notes can pass, though no protocols can be prepared, though nothing can be done in Downing-street, or the Tuilleries, or Washington, this great meeting, expressing the earnest and anxious desire of the people of England, will affect the minds of France and America, and then the work will be done; for the minds of the people of those countries being once affected, the Legislature and the Government must comply. After some further observations, the noble and learned lord sat down amidst loud cheers.

Shortly after his Lordship had concluded, Mr O'Connell appeared on the platform, and shook hands cordially with the noble chairman. The mutual recognition was followed by the cheers of the meeting.

Lord BROUGHAM again rose, and congratulated the meeting on the arrival of Mr O'Connell. His honored and learned friend was one of the greatest emancipators of ancient or modern times: one of the most uncompromising and inexorable enemies to slavery, no matter what shape or hue it assumed. He had come to that meeting to express his approbation of its proceedings, and not to introduce what some timid people might anticipate, any discussion on the affairs of Church and State. (Great laughter.)

Mr. FOWELL BUXTON, M. P., next addressed the meeting, and in his address praised the constant exertions of the Society of Friends in behalf of the emancipation of West Indian Slaves. For orderly and quiet agitation, blood-heat or fever-heat agitation, he would match the sober, easy-going Quaker (looking at Mr. O'Connell) with the greatest agitator of modern times. (Great laughter.) Mr. Buxton then eulogised at great length the working of the Emancipation Bill.

[Mr. Buxton addressed the meeting at great length, and concluded by offering a resolution which is adverted to in the speech of Mr Stephen below; but neither the resolution, nor any other report of the speech than the very brief notice given above, appear in any of the London papers received at our office.]

We are obliged to omit, for want of room, the remarks of Mr Stephen, alluded to above. Their chief point is to show that the "Apprenticeship System" is a system of slavery little less tyrannical than that which it superceded.

Mr. O'CONNELL presented himself to the meeting, amid the most enthusiastic cheers. After some remarks of a general nature, the hon. and learned gentleman proceeded to speak in terms of severe censure of the conduct of the Americans, in continuing to keep in bondage the black population in many of their states. It was disgusting to every lover of reason and justice, and true liberty, to hear them boast of their democratic principles and institutions, without a blush at the recollection of their bondmen. They were traitors to liberty, to honor, to consistency. They nullified the proudest sentiment in their immortal declaration of independence, which declared all men to have equal, sacred, and inalienable rights. (Cheers.) He did not wonder at the death-plagues of New Orleans, or the devastation of its people, many of whom enjoyed health and vigor at morn, and were lifeless at noon, when they had committed or countenanced crimes which could only be registered with the annals of Nicholas and the curses of Poland.

The hon. and learned gentleman read several extracts from an American act of Parliament, in which it was enjoined that no judge, member of Parliament, barrister or preacher, should speak or write any thing against slavery, under the pain of being sentenced to not less than three years, and not more than twenty one years imprisonment, or death at the discretion of the court!!! And that no American should teach a slave to read or write, under pain of not less than three months and not more than twelve months imprisonment. (Hear, hear.) The hon. and learned gentleman flung this black dishonor on the star-spangled banner of America—in vain did it wave over every sea, proclaiming the honor of the boasted Republic of modern times—*those who fought under it were felons to the human race*—(Hear, hear.) *traitors to liberty, to their own honor, and blasphemers of the Almighty.* 'The red arm of God,' continued the hon. and learned gentleman, 'is bared; and let the enemies of those whom he died to save, the black man as well as the white man, beware of its vengeance. The lightning carcers through the troubled air resistless, through the howling of the tempest and the rolling of the thunder. O for one moment of poetic inspiration, that my words, with the fire of indignation with which my bosom burns, that my voice might be borne on the western breeze across the wide Atlantic, and light on their shores and their mountains, and be wafted down the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri, and the rivers of America!' The hon. and learned gentleman, after some further observations, concluded a speech of impassioned and fervid eloquence, which we regret our inability to do any thing like justice to for want of space, and sat down amidst the most enthusiastic applause.

Dr. MORRISON and several other gentlemen addressed the meeting subsequently, and several resolutions, connected with the objects of the Association, were passed during the evening.

An Anti-Slavery Society in Tennessee.

The New England Anti-Slavery Society was formed, if we mistake not, by the assembly of *clergy* individuals. The meeting which gave birth to the New-York City Anti-Slavery Society was sneeringly said to number *twenty-two* men and *two* women. These Societies, in free states as they were, were regarded as the work of mad men.—who would have predicted that in two or three years from their formation, Societies *on the some principles* would spring up in the slave states!—*Human Rights.*

BEDFORD COUNTY, TENN. June 8, 1835.

Dear Sir,—At a meeting held at the Presbyterian church on Rock Creek in last Saturday, an Anti-Slavery Society was formed, when nine respectable citizens signed the the following constitution:—

PREAMBLE.

We, the undersigned, believing that slavery is contrary to the laws of God, the spirit of the gospel, and the rights of man; and is at variance with that golden rule, which requires us to do unto all, as we would they should do unto us; and believing that the friend of God and humanity should take a decided stand against despotism and oppression, in all its various forms, and that it is the duty of all men, especially Christians, to break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free; and believing that union of effort on gospel principles is the best plan to accomplish the object we have in view, agree to form ourselves into a society, to be called the Rock Creek Anti-Slavery Society, and to be governed by the following

CONSTITUTION.

Article. 1. The object of this society shall be 1st, to aid in the diffusion of correct information on the subject of slavery—2d, to promote the religious, moral, and intellectual improvement of the colered population—and 3d, to unite our efforts to induce and diffuse a correct state of Christian feeling towards this neglected class of our community, on the broad principle laid down by our blessed Saviour himself—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Art. 2. This society is based on the principle of immediate and entire emancipation.

Art. 3. This society will use in the accomplishment of its object, all means in its power sanctioned by the Law of God and the Constitution of our country.

Art. 4. This society recognizes the people of color as members of the same family, entitled to the protection of the same just and equal laws with themselves.

Art. 5. Any person can become a member of this society, who is willing to adopt the principles of the constitution.

Art. 6. The officers of the society shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Secretaries, and a Committee; all of whom shall be chosen annually.

Art. 7. The annual meeting shall be held at Beihbara church, on the first Saturday in June, and the quarterly meetings on the first Saturday of September, December and March.

Art. 8. Any alterations or amendments may be made in this constitution by the consent of three-fourths of the members present at an annual meeting.

The following persons, having signed the foregoing constitution were chosen officers, viz:

JAMES KENNEDY, President.
ALLEN LEEPER, Vice-President.
SAMUEL WOODS, Treasurer.
DAVID RAMSEY, Recording Secretary.
ALLEN LEEPER, Corresponding Sec'y.

Yours respectfully,
ALLEN LEEPER, Cor. Sec'y.

[From Zion's Advocate.]

SLAVERY--The American Union.

It is not our intention now to expatiate on the horrors and abominations of slavery. We would hope that your readers generally are so well informed as to superscede the necessity of this. Let it therefore suffice if we state that in our opinion, the slave-system of the United States is a horible system of iniquity and blood—involving in it crimes of scarlet hue and crimson dye—crimes, the enormity of which it is impossible to estimate. If I were required (says a certain writer) to express in one word all the evils, and curses, and judgments, ever inflicted on man since the fall, that word would be slavery. 'It is'—says another—'the very Upas tree of the moral world, beneath whose pestiferous shade all intellect languishes, and all virtue dies.' For the overthrow of such a vile system, it is natural to ask, "What can be done? What can *we* do?" We would say to our brethren that they can do, in regard to this, just as they have done in regard to intemperance: that is, meet and organize themselves into societies and exert against it a combined influence.—It is impossible for this or any other moral evil to resist the force of an enlightened and condensed public sentiment. But perhaps you ask, Is there not some Society to which we can unite or become auxiliary? We answer, there are two societies now before the public challenging attention, viz. The American Anti-Slavery Society and the American Union. Both these bodies propose to overthrow slavery and benefit the colored race. We have reflected upon them seriously and deeply, and now are bold to state that we are compelled to give our decided preference to the first,—as the only Society which justly merits the patronage of the community. We are perfectly willing that our brethren should think for themselves; but, for our own part, we have several objections to the American Union, and shall here take the liberty to state them freely.

1. We regard it as *unnecessary and uncalled for.* This society was organized in January last. Its object is said to be 'the relief and improvement of the colored race. But we ask what *need* of this new organization? Was not the whole ground already covered by the American Anti-Slavery Society? One of the objects of this latter Society, according to its 3d article, is 'to elevate the character and condition of the people of color.' If then the real design of the framers of the Union was to benefit the colored people, why not join a society already in existence for that very purpose? Why attempt to divert the public mind, turn the public sympathies into another channel? We cannot conceive that a difference about words and measures, if the principles and objects are the same, is a sufficient reason.

2. We object to the Union because we conceive there is little or no prospect of its doing any good. It is clear that no society whatever can be of any benefit to the people of color, unless it secures the approbation of that people. Now it is an undeniable fact that the colored people, as a body, are unanimously and decidedly in the favor of the Am. Anti-Slavery Soc. They have assembled again and again, and passed resolutions

ter, with the Bible in his hand, can advocate any other principle. Here, brethren, you may plant your feet on the imperishable records of eternal truth. Here you stand on a rock of adamant, which the lightning cannot blast, nor the whirlwind shake. We would, with much humility, advise you brethren, to awake to this subject, to exert yourselves and form Anti-Slavery Societies in all directions, auxiliary to the Maine Anti-Slavery Society. Yours, &c.

JAMES GILLPATRICK,
EDWIN W. GARRISON.

June 1835.

[From the Cincinnati Journal.]

Kidnapping.

MR. BRAINERD,—*Dear Sir*,—The following facts were had from the steward of the steamboat Kentuckian, on board of which the transaction occurred.

On their last trip to New Orleans, about three weeks since, two men came on board in the night, at the mouth of the Tennessee, bringing with them a very intelligent looking colored woman with three small children. They stated that she belonged to them as a slave. The next day the steward noticed that the woman seemed desirous of speaking with him, and although closely watched by her keepers. She at length found an opportunity of telling him that she was free, and had been kidnapped. The particulars of this transaction, which she afterwards relate o him more fully, were as follows:

Her name was Lydia Howard. She had been a slave to the father of these two men. A short time before his death, he had emancipated her and her children, and had given them 'free papers.'

Before their father was buried, these two sons came to Lydia and told her that she must get ready to go with them the next day. Suspecting something wrong, she secreted her free papers in her hair—took her money and buried $10 of it at the head of the grave of one of her children, and sewed the remaining five into the hem of her frock.—The next day, as soon as the funeral was over, they commenced their search for her papers. Not finding them, and suspecting she had them about her person, they took her into the woods, stripped off all her clothing, and searched every seam, ripping the dress whenever it was necessary. The five dollars they found and took from her. They then searched her hair; but the papers were secreted in such a way as to escape their notice. Being satisfied that she had the papers somewhere in her possession, they kept the woman in the woods three days, using every means in their power to wring from her the confession where they were. The particulars of this scene are shocking, and as Lydia related them, cannot be described on paper. Two miscreants, in the form of *gentlemen*, wronging a defenceless, naked woman, far away from help, with an infant in her arms—her two other children, one 5, the other 3 years, clinging to her and screaming for protection—her bosom quaking with continual fear, lest their frantic caresses, might discover the concealed papers. Some things connected with this search cannot be told. She begged them, if they had no pity upon her, to spare her for the sake of her children. Still she endured and contrived to retain the precious treasure, upon which hung all her earthly hopes. Wearied at length with the search, they carried her to the river, and at 10 o'clock at night, the steamboat coming along, took passage for New Orleans.

The next day, suspecting she had communicated something to the steward, they took her into one of the large births on deck, and again searched her. Here the steward saw them. He drew aside the curtain, and saw the woman without a rag of clothing, endeavoring in vain to hide her nakedness.—The men had her clothes, and were again searching the seams. They cursed him for his intrusion—told him the woman was their slave, and it was none of his business what they were doing with her. But again she eluded their vigilance; watching her opportunity, she drew the paper from her hair, slipped it down by her side, and thrust it into a barrel of meal which stood near the birth. The movement was not noticed, and of course her clothes and person were afterwards searched in vain. They then swore at her, and threatened, if she ever told any one that she was free, they would cut her throat, or in some way would certainly be the death of her. Soon after, while getting food for her children, she told the steward what she had done. He requested her to bring the papers to him; but being closely watched, she told him she did not dare do it. He then went out and rolled the barrel into the cook room, and the papers were secured. Here Lydia's troubles ended. The papers were shown to Captain Buckner, and it was soon known to the crew and passengers, that the two gentlemen were kidnappers. Their embarrassment was immense, as they had but a few hours before, offered the woman for sale, and refused $500, offered by a gentleman on board from Vicksburg. The captain, however, soon relieved them. They were called upon for their passage money, made to pay $50 for the woman's passage down and back, and then set ashore in a Mississippi canebrake. The rescued family were returned to the place where they were taken on board, and a conveyance procured for them to their friends, accompanied with such information as will secure their future safety.

Since writing the above, Captain Buckner has assured me that these are the facts in regard to this transaction, so far as they came under his notice, and he cheerfully gave me permission to use his name in corroboration of them, either in public or in private. The statements of his steward, he said, might be relied upon.

He further told me, that Lydia was so grateful for what he had done for her, that when about to leave the boat, she came and told him that if he would let her children be free, she would bind herself to be his servant during the rest of her life. 'You have saved me,' said she, 'from endless bondage, and I have nothing else to pay you.'

Cincinnati, May 11, 1835. J. W. A.

Extraordinary Movement.

SLAVERY MEETING IN N. Y.—We mentioned briefly yesterday the fact of an anti-abolition meeting having been held at the American Hotel on Friday last, and of a proposition to assemble again on the 20th inst. The following are the official proceedings:—

A CARD.—At a meeting of a large number of the citizens of a portion of the slave-holding States convened at the American Hotel, in the city of New York, on Friday the tenth day of July inst., the undersigned were appointed a Committee to prepare and publish an address to their fellow citizens of said States, now being in this section of the country, acquainting them to unite with us in a public meeting, to be held in said city of New York, on Monday the twentieth day of the present month, to take into consideration the alarming subject now being agitated—the doctrines disseminated and the measures adopted by some of their fellow-citizens of the non-slave holding states—avowing a solemn determination to effect an immediate and unconditional emancipation of the slaves of the south.

Fellow-citizens!—This is, indeed, a subject of grave and momentous import. It is a subject which involves the sacred rights guaranteed to us by the great charter of our liberties. It is a subject involving, not only our private interests, our personal immunities, but the very lives of ourselves, our wives and our children—nay, it must inevitably shake, to its foundation, the Union of the States.

We, therefore, invoke this meeting, that we may give a calm yet firm and solemn expression of our opinions in relation to this question—believing that by frank and dispassionate discussion, we shall be able to convince our brethren of the north, that have been grossly deceived in regard to the practical relation between the master and the slave—in relation to the actual condition of the slave—that they are influenced by a false philanthropy; that in their doctrines and measures they are trampling under foot the constitution and laws of the land.

We invoke this meeting that we may unitedly and solemnly appeal to our enlightened and liberal brethren of the north, to exert their influence in checking the dissemination of principles, which, if continued to be propagated, will most assuredly strike down their own, as well as the prosperity of the southern portion of our common country.

We invoke this meeting, not to exasperate, not to increase the alarming excitement now prevalent; but we do it to disabuse ourselves of gross misrepresentations; to heal up dissention; to allay sectional prejudices; to reinvigorate the tie which binds us together in one common family, and to avert the alarming consequences which must inevitably follow any attempt, by the people of the non-slave holding States, to interfere with the slave population of the south.

[This "Card" is signed by about thirty persons from Mississippi, Lousiana, Alabama and Georgia.]

Now for a word of comment upon this novel document. With that gallantry which so distinguishes the sons of the South, the above gentlemen come plumply out under their own names and characters. They conceive that the agitation of the subject of abolition may lead to injurious consequences upon their pecuniary and domestic interests, and they take the earliest opportunity to denounce all those engaged in it—and to interdict its discussion throughout the non-slave holding States.

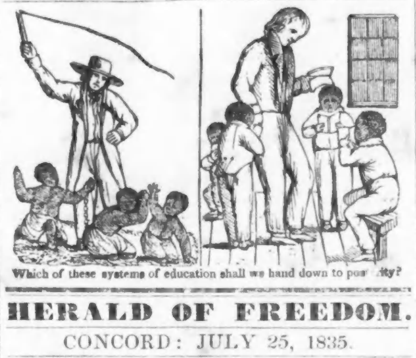
We ask is it criminal in the north to talk on these subjects, but virtue in Virginia? It may not be known to the gentlemen of Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida, but we mention to them confidentially now, that there is a perfect freedom of the tongue and types in this section of the country. We recognize "the influence of no brother in the north," possessing the power to shackle the press or the tongue on any great question. On public topics we admit the influence of general principles derived from the critics, from good taste, from the Constitution, or from Christianity, but little or none of persons, of any sire, or of any color. There is no way that we know of that can be adopted to put down the discussion of this or any other subject, unless it be by riots or mobs. But this plan has been tried in the cases of Tappan, Garrison, and Thompson, but these personages are as lively and full of mischief and abolition as ever. The Courier and Enquirer called last year its pet mob into action; led them on to the "imminent deadly breach;" winked at them when they got opposite the house of Lewis Tappan; and then recorded the next morning with great gravity and deep regret, so much furniture burnt—so many carpets torn—so many windows broken. Did this glorious enterprise "check the dissemination" of the principles so much dreaded by the Southern gentlemen? No. The abolitionists rose from the ground stronger, mightier, more powerful than ever. They filled their houses with more elegant furniture; they increased ten-fold in numbers.

The cause in which the abolitionists are engaged, appears to give them a degree of enthusiasm that no dangers intimidate; no threats alarm; no coaxings decoy. It is an abstraction; a principle; a branch of the same spirit which has torn half of the despotisms of Europe in pieces; condemned the African slave trade; liberated the slaves of the West Indies; and animated the legislature of Virginia to pour out, the other year, some of the most genuine floods of eloquence that ever touched the heart.

With these facts before them what plan can the gentlemen of the South bring forward, calculated to shut up the mouths and upset the types of enthusiasts? The attempt is Quixotic in the extreme. There is no feeling for the blacks in this city; indeed there is a strong prejudice against them. They are despised and contemned. With a few exceptions they are degraded and demoralized. But, yet, we are pursuaded that any attempt, made in any way, to interdict the public discussion of a great question, will meet with unqualified and decided opposition from all—from the enlightened, the liberal, and the mob alike. It is a fruitless and bootless effort. Let the matter alone, and the fire will burn out of itself. [When it burns out slavery will be burnt up with it.] Use a squirt instead of a whole team of splendid fire engines, and you add only fuel to the flame, and give additional rage to the destructive element.

If the Southern gentlemen want merely to display their eloquence, and give us a touch of their qualities, there is no harm in having a meeting in Masonic Hall on the 20th, and charging every person for admittance, a shilling at the door. Nothing else will keep the mob out, for there is more virtue in a shilling at the door, than fifty watchmen and two hundred peace officers.

N. Y. Morning Herald.



Which of these systems of education shall we hand down to posterity?

HERALD OF FREEDOM.

CONCORD: JULY 25, 1835.

All men are created equal; are endowed, by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness.

DECLARATION OF 1776.

All men are born equally free and independent; and have certain, natural, essential and inherent rights, among which are the enjoying and defending life and LIBERTY; acquiring, possessing and protecting property.—CONSTITUTION OF N. H.

DENUNCIATION.

Abolitionists are complained of as being denunciatory, indiscriminating, and uncharitable. That they have employed strong language in speaking of slavery we admit; and strong language most assuredly ought to be employed.—But they have not denounced *slavery* with more bitterness than their opp sers have manifested in denouncing *them*. Garrison, with all his fire and fanaticism, has not spoken of the accursed system of slave-holding in more violent terms than many Colonizationists, Mr. Gurley among the number, have used in speaking of him.—Our opponents decry excitement and in order to put it down display much more of it than abolitionists have ever displayed in their warmest moments. "How excited, how excited you are" they exclaim; and at the same time their own feelings are all on fire. Mr. Gurley in his late visit to this State labored with as much zeal to get up an excitement against abolitionists as did May or Phelps to raise one against slavery. We appeal to every candid man who was present at the Colonization meetings, holden in this town last month, if there was not as much animosity manifested by the speakers on these occasions against the friends of immediate emancipation, as was manifested in any of the abolition meetings against slavery itself. Epithets as reproachful and condemnatory were hurled at 'Northern fanatics' and 'incendiaries' as were ever put forth in anti-slavery speeches or periodicals. Whether it be worse to denounce slave-holders than to hold slaves we undertake not to say.

We allude to this subject at this time because we have an item of Colonization charity which we wish to place on record. We shall make no comments, but merely inquire of the people of the towns mentioned, "Brethren, is it so?"

"There is no more religion," said an honorable, learned and reverend gentleman of this town the other day in conversation with an abolitionist, "THERE IS NO MORE RELIGION IN GOFFSTOWN AND DUNBARTON * THAN THERE IS AMONG THE HOTTENTOTS. *Temperance and abolition have driven it all out.*"

This was uttered by one who has stood high in the political and religious world, who is a professed friend of temperance and an open, decided Colonizationist.—A slave-holder may be a christian but an abolitionist cannot! Hottentots in America! in New-Hampshire! in such places as Goffstown and Dunbarton! Friends of the Home Mission! where are your contributions? where are your missionaries? Have you no laborers to send into the vineyard, now under the charge of such men as Rev. David Stowell, the venerable Dr. Harris and Rev. J. M. Putnam?

* It will be remembered that these towns have taken a decided stand in favor of Anti-Slavery.

Is it so?

The N. H. Observer says, "immediatists and gradualists, where they define terms, mean about the same thing." Is it so? Have words lost their meaning, or do principles change by definition? Does 'immediate' and 'gradual' mean the some thing or *about* the same thing? Does immediate repentance mean gradual repentance? If so, we should have another dictionary of synonymes. But what is this 'same thing' which they mean? Why that—"slavery should be removed as soon as *possible*." Aye, 'as soon as POSSIBLE.' Both agree, perhaps, on this point, but then there is a wide difference as to the *time* when it *is* possible to remove it. Immediatists say it is possible NOW, INSTANTLY for the oppressor to let the oppressed go free.—The gradualist says, "no, NOT *now*: it is not possible to remove slavery *now*: it can be removed only by little and little, a part to-day and a part to-morrow and a part some years hence. The immediatists say, break the yoke *now*, AT ONCE—don't idle away time in smoothing its roughness or in painting and polishing it.—Throw off the yoke itself, the *whole* yoke, break it in pieces, not to-morrow, but to-day—not some time hence, but this moment, and cast its fragments to the four-winds. It is possible.—The gradualist cries out "fanatacism, fanaticism. Break the yokes all at once! "What a *noise* it would make!" The slave-master would be frightened. Perhaps, too, they might get some of the splinters in their fingers. No, no. We must be prudent. We must show the slave our knife and tell him we shall BEGIN BY AND BY to cut his yoke off, and IF *circumstances* should not prevent he may expect *to be* free. We must smoothe the yoke a little. We must cut away an irritating knot here and remove an iron spur there, and if EXPEDIENT we should put a feather under it occasionally. The slave must be prepared for freedom. We must unbind the heavy burden very carefully; if the whole should be cast off at once, he would be so light-headed and light hearted; the elastic air of freedom would breathe such an exhileration into his bosom, that he would overstep the laws, and may be, would fly away, not to Liberia, which would be very desirable, but to the good people of the North and perhaps explode in an insurrection in our midst.

'Make every slave a freeman *now*,' say the immediatists. 'Make their children or their children's children freemen,' say the gradualists. The immediatists say, immediately, to-day, now, at once, and they mean so too. The gradualists say, gradually, little by little, to morrow, next year, hereafter, half way between now and never, and they mean so too. This is defining terms. Do immediatists and gradualists mean '*about* the same thing?' Is it so?

REV. MR. WINSLOW.—In our last we commented at some length on a sentiment reported in the N. E. Spectator as having been uttered by Mr. Winslow in his late sermons on Moral Reform. An extract from the discourse alluded to has since been published in the Spectator, accompanied by remarks from the author, in which he endeavors to show that he was misunderstood. We, however, see no reason to change our views of the practical results of his doctrines. The extract bears the impress of a spirit which is bowing to the mandates of worldly expediency.

The editor of the Observer says:—"But his [Mr. Winslow's] sentiments, as expressed by himself, we see no just cause to condemn."—Will he subscribe to the principles involved in the following sentiment as expressed in Mr. Winslow's own words?

"No laws of nature or of man can make it our duty *to sin*, but they make it our duty to do what, *but* for them, it *would* be sin to do." The simple meaning of which, as we understand it, is this: God has established certain laws, to disobey which is *sin*; but if man has enacted counter laws to the non-observance of which are attached severe penalties, as the loss of life, [illegible] be broken *without* sin. That is, when the laws of God come in collision with the laws of man the latter are to be obeyed. This, as we asserted in our remarks in our last, is placing conscience at the disposal of circumstances. We think the Observer would shrink to carry this doctrine out to its legitimate extent.

ADVICE.—We would advise the editor of the Observer to keep his correspondent, "X. X.," in the poetical department, as he is better adapted to fill that niche than any other. He displays much more *poetry* than *reason* and good sense in his composition, particularly when he speaks of "*great* BENEVOLENT MACHINES." His imagination is evidently leading captive his better judgment.

Anti-Slavery at Pembroke.

Rev. DAVID ROOT of Dover delivered an Anti-Slavery Address last Wednesday (15th) at Pembroke, by request of several of the citizens of that pleasant town. We had the satisfaction of hearing him, and seldom have we seen an address listened to with deeper attention than was his on this occasion. A very respectable audience attended—larger indeed than we anticipated,—and a very favorable impression apparently left. The speaker chose for his text the appropriate words found in Ecclesiastes iv. 1, 2. We hope our friends in Pembroke will persevere in the good work, and we trust soon to see a flourishing society organized. One thing we are glad to see—the young men are coming up. This is a good omen. On them is the great dependence in the contest against slavery and the manifold iniquities which cleave to it.

Anti-Slavery Society at Hopkinton.

Rev. J. M. PUTNAM of Dunbarton delivered an address on Slavery in the first Baptist Church at Hopkinton on the 4th inst. A constitution was presented which was signed by several individuals who afterwards met and organized a society (auxiliary to the State Society) which bids fair to effect much good.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

Chichester--Anti-Slavery.

Yesterday we had an Address on the subject of Slavery, by the Rev. Mr. Putnam, of Dunbarton. The audience was very respectable, and listened with deep and undivided attention. The Rev. Mr. Smith, of Epsom, was present; and during the meeting the Rev. Mr. Curtis, of Pittsfield, and Rev. Mr. Storrs, of Concord, came in. After the Address, Rev. Messrs. Curtis and Storrs spoke on the subject. God was very kind in sending us so much unexpected help and influence. After the assembly had been addressed, a constitution was read, and papers circulated to obtain the names of those who wished to enroll themselves as the friends of the oppressed, and form themselves into a society. SEVENTY names were obtained. Rev. Mr. Smith closed the public exercises with prayer. The Society was then duly organized by choosing

RUFUS A. PUTNAM, President.
JOHN L. BACHELDER, Vice President.
JAMES W. TOWLE, Secretary.
CHARLES H. STANIELS, Treasurer.

These officers, together with three others, viz David H. Drake, Chene Reed, Stephanus Kelly constitute the Executive Committee.

The principles of the Society are thus expressed in the preamble and 2d and 3d articles of their Constitution.

"*Preamble.* Whereas we believe Slavery, as it exists in the United States, to be contrary to the word of God, the dictates of humanity, and the true principles of a republican government and that the whole system ought to be immediately abolished,—we agree to form ourselves into a Society, and to be governed by the following

CONSTITUTION.

ART. 2. The fundamental principles of this Society is, that slave-holding is a sin against God, and ought, therefore, to be immediately and forever abandoned.

ART. 3. The object of this Society is to endeavor, by such means as are sanctioned by law, humanity, and religion, to effect the immediate and total abolition of slavery in the United States; and to improve the character and condition of the colored race, by using our endeavors to promote a correct public opinion in relation to their circumstances and rank as human beings, and by doing what we can elevate them to the enjoyment of those intellectual, moral, civil, and religious rights and privileges which they ought to share in common with the great family of man."

The meeting commenced at 4 o'clock, P. M. and continued till about 7 o'clock. During all this time, there was entire stillness and attention—no impertinence, no confusion, no undue excitement no unhallowed passions stirring up commotion. There was the evident presence of God; and his truth sunk into the depths of the soul. A heavenly and holy calmness pervaded the assembly; and as they listened to the wrongs and woes of their fellow-men in bonds, they remembered them as bound with them; and the deep fountains of their sympathy were broken up, and the holy emotions which characterize the influences of the gospel, were kindled into a sweet and glowing flame, and hearts went out in love to each other and love to man. Oh! it was a delightful scene—a place where the soul that loves Jesus, and loves his cause, and loves the best interests of the human race, would delight to linger, and even dwell. Surely, if the ministers and churches of Christ would enter with all their hearts under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, into the cause, and seek its promotion, there would there could, be no division, distraction, or alienation of feeling; but all would be peace and holy love. The principles of abolition are the principles of the gospel; and if embraced and acted out in accordance with its holy precepts they would bring down the blessings of heaven upon us, and cloth the heritage of Jesus with the smiles of grace. R. A. P.

Chichester, July 22, 1835.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

A——, May, 1835.

MR. EDITOR—If you think the following brief narrative worthy a place in your paper you are at liberty to publish it. I do not, in every case give the precise *language* of the unfortunate man whose condition is described;—the substance, however, may be relied on as being the same, and in most instances, the language. It may be proper to say that he was very closely examined and cross-examined at different times and by a large number of persons, all of whom (some were Colonizationists) without an exception were fully satisfied that he told the truth. There was such a child-like simplicity in his answers that no one could doubt his sincerity.

William M——r was born in Africa. In early childhood, he with his parents, was stolen from his native land and eventually sold to a Georgian planter, who owned 900 slaves. For 25 years he was employed in an Indigo factory where, to use his own words, he "knew nothing at all and heard nothing but swearing and lying." Five years since he was taken out and made ostler. When engaged in this capacity he at one time overheard his master holding conversation with some friends from the North which so much excited his curiosity that he failed in performing his "stent." For this he was most unmercifully whipped with a raw hide. The conversation, however, which he had overheard, continued to excite his curiosity. From it, as well as some other providential incidents he ascertained his right to liberty and determined to be free. Accordingly he improved the first opportunity for making his escape. This he effected about one year since. He left the plantation almost in a slate of nudity. He travelled only in the night and during the day concealed himself in the woods, subsisting wholly on acorns and roots. In this way, he at length reached, in a state of utter exhaustion the city of New-York. Here he two or three times met his master who was in pursuit of him. Happily however for him, his master, in consequence of a defect in sight, did not know him. Feeling his situation to be dangerous, and knowing that should he be taken by his master it would be death to him, he again took to flight although his health was so undermined that he frequently vomited fresh blood and could scarcely speak. In this unhappy situation he rea

ed this place. Here he was clothed respectably —taught to read—sent to meeting, and for some time remained under the immediate supervision of members of the Anti-Slavery Society. The kind treatment he received, under God, soon so far restored his health as to enable him to labor. He is now in B——, Mass., and is doing well.

The following are some of the questions proposed to him immediately after his arrival in A.

QUESTION.—"Can you read?"

ANSWER.—"No;—the slaves are as ignorant as the cattle. How can they know any thing when they can't see any book or go to meeting or see any visitor who will teach them?"

QUEST.—"Would the slaves injure their masters if he should set them free?"

ANS.—(Almost indignant at the question) "Why no, indeed—if the master call slaves together and say they free and make them houses and pay them for their work, they would be so thankful they could'nt do enough for him—all the country could'nt get them away. I never would come away in the world—never—no."

QUEST.—"Would you be willing to go back to Georgia?"

ANS.—"No—I'll die first. If they come for me, I'll run right to you."

QUEST.—Do you not think it would be better for you and your countrymen to go to Africa?"

ANS.—"No, indeed—why should we? This is my country *now*. I would rather *die* than go to Africa. I have no friends there."

QUEST.—"Did you ever go to meeting?"

ANS.—"Never in all my life. I want to go very much."

QUEST.—"Did you ever hear any thing of the Bible?"

ANS.—"Not much. None of the slaves are permitted to have a Bible. If any one does, he takes one hundred lashes—is peppered and salted and cat-hauled.* If you should come down and give a slave a bible, why you would be hung up on a gibbet or put in prison."

QUEST.—"Do you know who Jesus Christ was?"

ANS.—"I never heard of him till I came here."

QUEST.—"Did you ever hear any thing of heaven?"

ANS.—"Something. Not one in a hundred of the slaves knew whether there was a heaven and they knew no God but master. *Some* know of Him *who were stolen from the free States*. I knew two who prayed every night when they knew overseer gone to bed."

QUEST.—"How were the slaves generally treated on your master's plantation?"

ANS.—"Some of them very badly. Almost all of them are whipped every Monday morning to punish those who have done wrong and keep those from doing wrong who have not done it. Mistress has been drunk every day for 20 years —master sometimes gets drunk too, and fights with her. Sometimes master sells children from their mothers and they never see them again.

Old John W——, on the next plantation owned 2200 slaves. He bleached linen. One night a female slave asked her mistress if she should take in some pieces of linen? "No," said mistress; "let it lay out in the sun some days longer." The next morning the linen was all gone. Master charged the girl with stealing it—he tied her up and gave her 300 lashes.—The linen was afterwards found in a merchant's shop. The merchant said he had bought it of the *overseer*. The money obtained for it was found in the overseer's trunk. As soon as the master saw the overseer he shot him dead.

My mistress one morning ordered two of the women down to the wash house and forbid them to carry their babes lest they should be hindered in their work. The children cried as their mothers left them. This so offended mistress that she treated them as she would a cat. As their crying increased, she took first one and then the other and dashed their brains out upon the stones. I went and told their mothers, and they cried and mourned dreadfully, but did not dare to say any thing. All this I saw with my own eyes."

Very many more questions were put to this runaway slave. The most important, however, I have given. He also related other acts of cruelty, which, for their brutality, exceed those already given. They seem too shocking to be related. Yours truly, T.

* A kind of punishment. The slave is stripped—a cat trained for the purpose is put upon his shoulders and drawn down the back whilst the claws of her fore feet tear up the flesh.—This is done repeatedly till the back of the slave is almost torn off. After this process, pepper and salt are rubbed into the live flesh.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

"Colored Population of the South.--No. 3.'

Under the above heading Mr. Huestis appears in the Christian Advocate and Journal of July 3d. His theme is the "*General Satisfaction*" of the slaves. The sum and substance of his article is, "The feelings of the slave are less acute and his bondage less afflictive, in his own estimation, than what is usually apprehended." 'This' to Mr. Huestis 'is a source of *pleasure*;' and he thinks 'it may be a source of some *satisfaction*' to others 'to know' it. To me, however, it is neither a source of *satisfaction* nor *pleasure*, that *men* should have 'General Satisfaction' when held as "*goods* and *chattels* to all intents and purposes whatsoever," *destitute* of 'an improved intellect," so completely *brutalized* that their '*delights* are in being free from care.' It may be 'a source of pleasure' to *some* whose 'intellect' *I* should judge, from this very fact, might be 'improved' to good advantage.

Suppose a man should go on a mission to some heathen country. Before he went, he had heard of the degraded and miserable condition of the heathen. When he arrives there, he writes to christians at home and tells them, 'It may be a source of some satisfaction to know that the feelings of the' heathen 'are less acute, and his bondage' to his idols, viz. to be crushed by the car of Juggernaut—burn on the funeral pile and cast living infants into the Ganges, 'less afflictive, in his *own* estimation, than what is usually apprehended.' And to prove this, he should add, 'I am aware that many who are personally acquainted with the' heathen, 'are inclinec to make the abhorrent idea of' a *christian* worshipping an idol &c. 'the criterion by which to judge of the' miserable condition of the heathen. 'But this manner of comparing is not admissable for it makes the' heathen's 'situation appear more deplorable than it really is.' 'The reasons are obvious. In the one case the man was born' a christian. 'Infancy and immature years were spent in acquiring an education which taught him the value of' christianity. 'But in the other case,none of these circumstances exist. The' heathen 'were born' heathen. 'Their immature years were spent in reverence' to their idols; and hence, idolatry and their bondage to idols &c. is 'less afflictive' and 'less burdensome. It is evident they suffer less *mental disquietude* than those would who had exchanged' christianity for heathenism.

Such language might sound very well in the ears of atheists and infidels,—it might be 'a source of *pleasure*' to them, and no doubt, they would report it with 'some satisfaction'!! But would a *christian* feel such information to be 'a source of pleasure?' Would he not say that their 'General Satisfaction' was an *alarming* circumstance, as it was a sad proof that they were sunk in ignorance, and their minds brutalized, so that they had 'changed the glory of the incorruptable God into an image made like to a corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts and creeping things?'

A man from New-England, where they are '*all opposed to slavery*' goes to the South, he finds the slaves *without* 'an improved intellect—untutored—little ability for enjoyments from contemplation' glorying in the '*titles* of the master,' (thus discovering that his mind is in ruins, and that he falls not much short of those who 'changed the glory of the incorruptable God into an image—like *corruptible man*') writes, and publishes to the world, that he finds those thus debased 'generally show their *satisfaction* by the hilarity of their spirits;' and adds, '*if* this is a correct way of judging, they enjoy life as well as the white population!"

I do not wonder Mr. Huestis put in his 'IF;' for *tipplers* and *libertines* 'generally show *their* satisfaction by the hilarity of their spirits;' and '*if* this is a *correct* way of judging, they enjoy life as well as' temperance and continent men.

A parent keeps his child in the deepest ignorance—he knows little more than the brutes—he is compelled to take a medicine that destroys his mind—he is given a stimulus that produces 'hilarity of spirits,' and he thus *shows* his *satisfaction*. Says a man, who looks at both worlds in the light of God's word, what a monster of wickedness that parent is! Not so fast, replies Mr. H. '*If* it is a correct way of judging by the hilarity of spirits the child enjoys life as well as the parent!!' Casper Hauser *enjoyed* life for ought Mr. H.'s reasoning would prove to the contrary as well as the wretch who incarcerated him—and yet, who does not look upon the man who imprisoned him from his youth, and kept him in beastly ignorance, as one of the most hateful monsters this side the eternal world?

Let all apologists for slavery know, that the reason why we oppose slavery is, *chiefly*, because it debases the *mind* of God's rational and immortal creatures, and disqualifies him for the 'contemplation' of his Creator, his works in providence and grace, and his own immortal destiny, and thus bring him down to a level with the beast. Our opposition to slavery is, that God having said, "Let us make man in *our* image," Slavery says, 'Let *us* make man in the *image* of a *beast* that we may buy and sell and get gain.'

Mr. Huestis will not give *his consent* that his *remarks* shall be so construed as to interfere with the merits or demerits of slavery!' Well, what then? Is it not evident to any *reader* of his 'remarks' that the whole labour is to make us believe that the slaves are very well off?—have *general satisfaction?*—'enjoy life as well as the white population?' and that 'they show rather a *satisfaction* from comparing their situation with the *free* black people?" Whatever Mr. H.'s '*motives*' were 'for writing,' the *tendency* of his articles, if fully credited, is to induce a spirit of apathy and indifference to the condition of the slaves, and a stopping the ears at the cry of the poor. The nation has but just begun to awake from its sinful indifference and a requiem must be sung by a New-Englander [for such I have been told Mr. H. is] from Virginia to lay it to rest again! But it happens to come too late in the day. New-England will not much longer *own* her sons who are so soon able to sing the slave-holders' song, after after arriving in the slave-holders' domain. The New-England churches, at least, will purify themselves from having any part with men who hold slaves or apologize for slavery. The day is not far distant when slave-holders, slave-traders, and all their abettors, will be regarded in the same light by the churches, that sabbath-breakers, swearers, thieves, liars, adulterers and drunkards are, and accordingly excluded entirely from church communion. That that day may speedily arrive, is my earnest prayer to Him who has said, "Be ye holy for I am holy."

GEO. STORRS.

Concord, N. H., July, 1835.

A CARD.

Permit me to express my gratitude to the Editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal for the *peculiar* favor shown me in copying *my* articles from the ninth number of the Herald of Freedom. It was a *favor* I did not anticipate, as abolitionists have hitherto not been allowed to speak a word in the Advocate, and the Editor long ago assured us that, "The doctrine of abolitionists cannot find an advocate nor an apologist in the columns of our Journal."

I say, I feel myself very *highly* favored.—But the "spirit" of my articles is not good. No, there is a 'metamorphosis'—"the hitherto amiable brother Storrs changed into a bitter reviler!" The question is then asked by my brother Bangs, "Does he wish us to do by him what he has done by us?" He answers, "We dare not.—We are forbidden to bring a railing accusation." O that my much loved and esteemed brother Bangs, had had this in mind while he was pouring out from time to time such expressions as the following: "*Injudicious, anti-republican, jacobinical, speculative, hot-headed, furious, and phrenzied abolitionists*," and other similar expressions, all of which, abolitionists, who are Methodists, were compelled to bear in silence,so far at least, as relates to being heard in their own defence. It will be of no avail for the Editor of the Advocate to say,that these, what I shall term "railing accusations,"were not intended for his brethren who were Methodists, it is sufficient they were applied to abolitionists, and not a few of these are Methodists, and are abolitionists from conviction of the truth of abolition "principles." Now I say, had brother Bangs had in mind,and acted accordingly,that *he* was "forbidden to bring a *railing accusation*," I should have been spared the pain *I* have felt in *writing*, and which *he*, doubtless, has had in *reading*, the articles published in the Herald of Freedom, and which have since appeared in the Advocate. I can truly say, as I expect to give an account thereof,that nothing but a conviction of duty, from the long and persevering attacks upon the abolitionists by the Advocate, induced me to write the articles above referred to.—Had the Editor of the Advocate done no *more* than simply to advocate the Colonization cause, which he felt it his duty to do by a vote of the Gen.Con., I for one, should never have complained of him, however worthless I might have considered the scheme of colonization to be; but he did not stop there. *I* had no objection to his publishing against abolition *principles*, provided abolitionissts could be allowed the same privilege that Paul had "to speak for" themselves; but, no; while the most unprovoked attacks were made upon, not our principles, for the Editor declares, that he has *never intended* to enter into a *discussion* of these, but—but—upon what? why, upon *abolitionists* to be sure: they are hot-headed, furious, frenzied, fanatics, and hardly any matter what—I say, while these attacks were made, some of us informed the Editor of the Advocate that we should not *always* keep silence if such a course was persisted in. Such a course has been persisted in—and it is that which has led me to determine on replying to the Editor of the Advocate through the Herald of Freedom. He cannot be more rejoiced to have me discontinue my articles, than I shall be, to have the *occasion* for them cease. As to "reviling," I repel the charge. That I have "*rebuked sharply*" I admit: in my judgment, the case required it: it would afford me much happiness not to have *occasion* to *repeat* it. Much as I honor and love my superiors, I love truth more; and I firmly believe, the *fundamental principles* of abolitionists are eternal truth, and will stand long after brother Bangs and myself have gone to give up our account to God.

July, 1835. GEO. STORRS.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

AMERICAN UNION--A Suggestion.

MR. EDITOR:—I would suggest the *expediency* of calling a convention as soon as EXPEDIENT, to take into consideration the EXPEDIENCY of forming a Society for the "relief" and "improvement" of the "AMERICAN UNION." Some say it is under the pressure of prejudice. Now if there be any WICKED prejudice existing against it, I would have it slain. Besides that, I apprehend (from conversation had with some of its friends,) that it is very much shackled and troubled by the "spirit of investigation." Now if this spirit of close inquiry could be imprisoned, the light it has already shed turned to darkness—and the facts it has presented rendered powerless—the Union would be, so far as I can learn, very much relieved. I apprehend, however, that it might be more easily relieved, viz. by improving it. Improve it in principle.—Connect a little Bible with it—for instance, "Let the oppressed go free."—"Break every yoke." "Do unto others," &c. Improve it in definiteness of object and *mode* and *time* of operation, and I apprehend it would be much relieved from its present embarrassments. I barely make the suggestion. DELTA SIGMA.

"Mast Road," July 1835.

"Some churches have claimed the right to punish acknowledged christians for faults which do not make their piety doubtful, by excluding them from the Lord's Supper.—*Boston Recorder.*

So says the Editor of the Recorder in regard to the expediency of excluding slave-holders from communion. Now, sir, I know of no church making such claims. The church of which I am pastor, has voted to exclude slave-holders from their communion. But they did not do it that they might "punish acknowledged christians for faults which do not render their piety doubtful." No, sir. We did it that we might thereby faithfully, yet affectionately, admonish our brother (who holds slaves) of a heinous SIN which we conscientiously believe *does* render his piety doubtful.

I would ask the Editor of the Recorder, whether he thinks horse-stealing, persisted in, would render a church member's piety doubtful? I believe he would answer 'Yes.' But would MAN-STEALING, and buying and selling the image of God render it less doubtful? If a church member steals Mr. Tracy's purse he must be excluded from the communion table, except he repent. But if he steal my SOUL and *body*—buy or sell them as "chattels personal"—or chain me in abject bondage—deprived of the bible and the means of intellectual and moral improvement, &c.—all this, and his standing in the church good? piety bright? not doubtful? Indeed, what Bible does the Editor of the Recorder read? DELTA SIGMA.

"Mast Road, July, 1835.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

"General Treatment of Colored People" in Virginia good!!

Take the following in proof.

"Any *free* colored person, ordained or not, to be punished *thirty nine lashes*, and to be seized by any person, without warrant, for *preaching* or *exhorting* at any religious meeting."—*Statute of Va.*, 1831, ch.22, §1.

"Any free colored person attending such preaching or exhorting, to be punished *thirty nine lashes*.—*Ibid.* §2.

"Free negroes, for administering medicine, to be punished with death.—*Statute of Va.* 1819.

"Free negroes remaining in this State (Virginia) contrary to law, to be sold at the front of the Court House."—*Statute of Va.*, 1830, ch 29, §1.

"All meetings of free negroes or mulattoes for teaching reading and writing, to be taken and deemed to be *unlawful assemblies*, and to be broken, dispersed, and whipped by any sworn officer, *twenty lashes*, at the discretion of any justice of the peace.—*Statute of Virginia*, 1830, ch.39, §1.—*Brevard's Digest of Laws of South Carolina*, vol. 2, p. 254.

[There appears to be gross hypocrisy in the language of the statute of Virginia. The impression intended to be conveyed is, that the "justice of the peace" is to *try* the free colored persons accused of reading and writing, and to award sentence of "twenty lashes" or under, at his discretion. But if the jumble of provisions be looked to closely, it will be seen that between the acts of breaking doors and dispersing such an assembly, which any sworn officer (that is, a sheriff, a deputy, a constable, an officer of militia, or of the patroles) may do, no trial, nor taking before a justice of the peace can intervene. I therefore concluded that the "*discretion*" was not in fact confined to the justice, but to the constable, patroles, &c. *On inquiry this turned out to be the fact.* Nay more, "the discretion" is not, *in practice*, limited to "twenty," or any number of lashes. Respectable witnesses of all colors assure me, that drunken patroles, constables, and other sworn officers pay no regard to the number of lashes prescribed by law, but whip from *one* to *six hundred*, as they think proper.—*D. L. Child.*]

What *excellent good* "General Treatment"!!! I wonder if Mr. Huestis does not *almost covet* to be treated in like manner! What a pity he could not enjoy such an enviable situation, instead of being—"A *slave* to his slaves."

GEO. STORRS.

"Merrimack River," June, 1835.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

Independence.

At a celebration of the 59th anniversary of American Independence at Meredith Bridge, the following sentiment was offered.

By Lieut. CHARLES C. TIBBETTS.—"*The Abolitionists*—A set of fanatical railers, half foreigners, half domestic, half zealots, half hypocrites, railing and raving against the Constitution, the Laws and social institutions of the land. They deserve to be branded as traitors and despised by every lover of his country."

Whether this was swallowed by the numerous sons of freedom (among whom was His Excellency the Governor) present on that occasion, deponent saith not. But strange indeed must have been that *creature's* idea of political freedom who could offer such a sentiment on *such* an occasion. More than two millions of people in these United States are deprived of that independence, that freedom which was the occasion of his joy and rejoicing on that day. More than TWO MILLIONS of beings who are "flesh of his flesh and blood of his blood" are at this moment in a state of abject slavery. The "*abolitionists*" are among the sons of freedom, and many of them are ranked among her *noblest* sons; they know the value of liberty,& their daily prayer to God is, that in this land where "all men are born free and equal," freedom and equality of civil and religious privileges, may be enjoyed alike by the white man and his neighbor of a darker skin. They are aiming to convince their fellow citizens by arguments addressed to their understandings and consciences, that slave-holding is a heinous crime in the sight of God; and that the duty, safety, and best interests of all concerned require its immediate abandonment without expatriation. And for this, they, in the opinion of Charles C. Tibbets, "deserve to be branded as traitors and despised by every lover of his country"!! But who is Charles C. Tibbetts? and what is the color of *his* skin? It matters not whether his exterior be black or white, our opinion of him is the same. If the sentiment he uttered on the 59th Anniversary of our National Independence be the sentiment of his heart, *black* indeed must be that heart, however white the exterior. Let him, before he again attempts to brand the abolitionists as fanatical railers, consider that the christian religion is opposed to slavery in its spirit and in its principles; that it classes men stealers among murderers of fathers and of mothers, and the most profane criminals upon earth. Let him reflect in silence—let him repent.

GILMANTON.

To the above *beautiful* sentiment, a sentiment undoubtedly worthy the man who gave it, on which our correspondent has so justly commented, we have two other choice ones, which we place on record in our columns for the purpose of shewing the spirit which our opposers manifest, and also the consistency of American *freemen*. They will be rods in pickle, and will assuredly not be forgotten when the annals of abolition warfare and triumph are written.

"*Abolitionists*—An infatuated sect of disorganisers, prowling about the country where slavery does not exist, seeking opportunities to disseminate their anti-republican, cut-throat, and treasonable doctrines. May they abandon their rebellion and rebellious policy, before the return of the reviving spirit of liberty shall overwhelm them, and those who are leading them to their ruin."

"*Anti-Slavery*—Worse than amalgamation.—Disunion may be the result of the one, while nothing but *twaddlers* can be the offspring of the other."

"THE DANGER."—When we *understand* this article in the last Observer (17th.) we shall probably notice it; but at present there is so much vagueness about it, it is so utterly without "point" that we dare not touch it, lest we ourself should be involved in the mist. We give the editor credit for the faculty of entangling his meaning in ambiguous words.

ANTI-SLAVERY PUBLICATIONS.

We mentioned in a late number of the Herald that the Am. Anti-Slavery Society had taken measures for the circulation of a variety of Anti-Slavery publications, and that it was necessary that it should have the co-operation of the auxiliaries and friends of the cause throughout the country. As some errors occurred in the list of prices as published in the Emancipator, and copied into our columns, we insert them again, as corrected, to day. Every Society is requested to forward, IMMEDIATELY, to this Office the number of copies which it will *purchase*, and also the number which it will pledge itself to distribute gratuitously. The editor of this paper has been appointed agent of the N. H. A. S. S., and will see that the publications are punctually forwarded according to order. In towns where no societies are formed, it is hoped some individual friendly to the cause will take upon himself the business of distribution.

PRICES OF THE PUBLICATIONS.

HUMAN RIGHTS. First week of every month.
Single copy, 25 cents per annum.
20 copies to *one address*, $3 50 or 17 1-2cts. pr ann.
40 " *do.* 5 00 or 12 1-2cts. do.
80 " *do.* 8 00 or 10cts. do.

ANTI-SLAVERY RECORD. Second week.
Will be sold at the office at $1 50 per hund.; and will continue to be issued on the monthly subscription plan as heretofore.

EMANCIPATOR. Third week.
Single copy, 50 cents per annum.
16 copies to *one address* $5 00 or 31 1-4cts. pr ann.
40 " *do.* 10 00 or 25cts. do.
100 " *do.* 20 00 or 20cts. do.

SLAVE'S FRIEND. Fourth week.
Single number, 1 cent.
A dozen numbers, 10 cents.
A hundred numbers, 80 cents.
A thousand numbers, $6 50.

First of August.

The First day of August, being the anniversary of emancipation in the British West Indies, will be celebrated by the Concord Anti-Slavery Society. Rev. J. M. Putnam will deliver an address before the Society at 3 o'clock P. M. in the Methodist Meeting House. We hope the friends of abolition in the vicinity will come in and unite with us on so interesting an occasion.

ANTI-SLAVERY REPORT.

The First Annual Report of the N. H. Anti-Slavery Society can be had on application at the Depository connected with this office.

NOTICE.

The Board of Managers of the N. H. Anti-Slavery Society are notified to meet at the Herald of Freedom Office in the Merrimack County Bank building, on Friday the 7th of August next, at ten o'clock A. M. A general attendance is necessary.

EDMUND WORTH, *Rec. Sec.*

Concord, July 21, 1835.

A CAMP MEETING will be holden at Henniker to commence the 24th of August.

ANTI-SLAVERY PUBLICATIONS.

JAY'S INQUIRY into the Colonization and Anti-Slavery Societies, price 37 1-2
RANKIN'S LETTERS on Slavery, 25
BOURNE'S PICTURE of Slavery, 50
TESTIMONY OF GOD against Slavery, by Rev. La Roy Sunderland, 37 1-2
DESPOTISM OF FREEDOM, by D. L. Child, 8
AN APPEAL on the subject of Slavery, addressed to the N. E. and N. H. Conferences of the Methodist E. Church, 6 1-4
BIRNEY on Colonization, 4
BIRNEY to the Churches, 3
Abrogation of the 7th Commandment, 4
Fast Day Sermon, by Rev. David Root, 6 1-4
TREE OF LIBERTY, [an engraving,] 18 3-4
Shields of Slavery, [an engraving,] 6 1-4
Our Countrymen in Chains, an engraving with Poetry by J. G. Whittier, 2
ANTI-SLAVERY RECORD, 1,50 per hund.
SLAVE'S FRIEND, 80 cts. per hund.
MAN STEALING AND SLAVERY denounced by the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches.
PROCEEDINGS of the N. E. Convention, held May 1834.

☞For Sale at the Herald of Freedom Office, Merrimack County Bank Building.

May 29th 1835.

☞All Letters and Communications, POSTAGE PAID, to be directed to JOSEPH HORACE KIMBALL, Editor, Concord, N. H.

POETRY.

We copy the following delicate *morceau* from the African Repository for JULY. It is really a gem, a beautiful specimen of "the poetry of colonization." It shows how far astray the impulses of a glowing imagination may carry cool judgment and common sense.

The Emigrant.

Gallantly, O Gallantly,
Thy vessel leaves the strand,
Thou seekest now on Afric's shore
A loved and happier land:
No longer shall thy spirits roam
O'er wrongs unduly made,
For thou hast sailed for that loved home
Where wrongs and slavery fade.

Gallantly, O gallantly,
That vessel sits the deep,
And thou art bound afar away,
Where slaves no longer weep:
Yet in the dreamings of thy mind
Fond memory brings the tears,
For those whom thou hast left behind—
Friends of thy earlier years.

Gallantly, O gallantly,
Thy vessel breasts the gale,
And to the breeze's slumbering note,
Spreads out the flowing sail:
And thou art borne a pilgrim back,
To thy loved native shore,
Where Afric's sons from slavery free,
Shall wake to weep no more. B. R. B.

HYMN

FOR THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CONCORD ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

BISHOP HEBER *altered.*

From fair Virginia's mountains,
From Georgia's barren strand,
Where Carolina's fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many a noble river,
From many a Southern plain,
They call us to deliver
Their souls from Slavery's chain

What though the fragrant breezes
Blow soft o'er Southern fields,
And every prospect pleases,
And every beauty yields;
Oh, how with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
While Afric's sons in blindness,
In bondage, sigh, and groan!

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Oh, then Emancipation!
The joyful sound proclaim
Till ALL throughout our nation
May learn Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds their story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till to our Nation's glory,
Is ransomed every soul;
Till all of human nature
Throughout our wide domain,
Shall bow to their Creator,
The Lamb for sinner's slain.

MISCELLANY.

Fashionable Hours and Late Parties.

BY M. M. NOAH.

We are killing ourselves in this country by inches, and that for a tall man or an amazonian woman, is a dreadful reflection. In south, our late hours break in terribly on real comfort, sound health, and that refreshing sleep which "seals up the eyelids" in calm and soft repose, and ministers to our real enjoyments. We marvel why *fashion*, instead of being represented in bewitching and attractive colors, is not drawn with a Medusa's head, fiery eyes and snaky crest; or under the silken cowl and wreaths of roses, a skeleton head, peeping out as a warning—a caution in time—a *memento mori*. In this country we eat and dance ourselves to death with much more rapidity than they do at the Sandwich Islands.

I met a friend on the *pave* last week, who said, "Will you come to our party to-morrow night?" "A party! How? Comfortable dish of tea, game of whist, glass of Whisky punch, and a sandwich, eh?" "Oh, no—a real tearer—a regular turn-out—been preparing a fortnight. I must give a couplet every year for the sake of the world, you know." "The world, ha? Well I'll come, and if I don't, you wont miss me in the squeeze. Tell me, for old acquaintance sake, how much will the party cost?" "Why, about fifteen hundreed dollars." "Fifteen hundred dollars! Prodigious! How many charming *tertulias* in Spain, *conversazioues* in Italy, and *soirees* in France, would fifteen hundred dollars procure—and all this sum swallowed up in one dancing frolic!

I determined to go, and a friend promised to call for me in his carriage. I was ready at seven, and sat quietly until nine—half past nine—ten; when just as I was ringing for my slippers, and preparing, as Monsieur Mourbleu says, for my nightcaps, rat-tat-tat goes the coachman, and in walked my friend—pumps and tight pants on—white gloves and perfumed handkerchief. "So, sir, a pretty time you have called for me; why, I have been ready since seven o'clock." "Seven o'clock! why bless you, the company only begin to assemble at ten; and even now we are rather early." "Early, do you call it? Go out to spend the evening at half past ten o'clock! Well, well, I suppose we must not be out of fashion; so come along."

Our carriage rattled up one of the principal streets, and a glare of light was showered in all directions from the house. We fell in behind a range of coaches, and had to wait until our turn, and found on alighting a retinue of yellow servants to usher us into the mansion; to take our coats, hats, and canes, and prepare us in form for the *entree*. Every thing was elegant—gayety fashion, and pleasure reigned triumphant; beauty in resplendent beams, shed its halo over the scene; plenty from its golden horn was poured forth in all directions; music and the giddy dance were kept up with unabated vigor, until the russet morn had nearly flickered the east. I got home; tossed and tumbled for two or three hours in bed, and then rose for the duties of the day.

Having occasion to call on an old gentleman about twelve o'clock, I found him in his parlor, with the breakfast table before him. "What, not done breakfast yet?" "O yes, long ago—this is for my daughters, who came from the party about three o'clock, and are not yet up." In a few minutes the young ladies entered, but oh, how altered!—where were the bounding step and elastic gait—the brilliant eye, the jocund smile—the silken attire—the well dressed hair, and jewelled form of last night's entertainment? They were pallid and exhausted—their eye, their hair, their dress, all *en dishabille*—both with a hectic cough—both looking as wo-begone and spiritless as if they had just escaped from the siege of Troy." "Have you slept well, girls?" said the anxious parent. "Not a wink, father—we tossed and tumbled and worried for several hours, but not a wink of sleep—oh, my head, my head—and oh, my bones, my bones." "Probably your restleness arose from eating too heartily at supper." "No such thing, father—why, I only ate a little chicken salad, a wing of turkey, some jelly, a few macaronies and mottoes a dozen picled oysters, and drank a few glasses of champaigne, that's all—excepting a sponge cake or two, and a glass of lemonade, during dancing, and a little ginger sweetmeats. There's Lizzy ate twice as much as I did." "No I did'nt, but I was more select, father; a few slices of cold tongue—a piece of al-a-mode beef—three pickles—a few olives—some *blanc mange*—two plates of ice cream—a little floating island—some truffles and bons; and oranges, plum cake, and custard, during the evening. I'm sure I don't care much for solids." "And did you dance after supper?" "To be sure we did; one cotillion, one contra dance, one mazourka, and a gallopade." The murder's out! no wonder at head aches, and bone aches, and heart aches, and sleepless hours, after so much eating; and then dancing on so much eating—churning these singular masses of food and contradictory condiments in a delicate female stomach, with scarcely sufficient gastric juice to digest the wing of a pheasant. That's the way our girls kill themselves prematurely; that's the cause of our heavy lists of interments; of the many cases of consumption, uncharitably carried to the credit of our climate. Alas! how many charming women are hurried to the grave by carelessness; by the bewitching attractions of fashion; by keeping late hours: by thin clothing and by eating too much! The observation made by strangers is, "how pale and thin your ladies are!" Why will they not have resolution enough to discard these seducing and destructive allurements; why not enjoy life soberly, discreetly and prudently?

What can be more agonizing to true affection than to see a girl nourished with tenderness in infancy; amiable, intelligent and accomplished, gradually sinking into the grave ere she reaches the age of womanhood? The pride and delight of fond parents and numerous friends that the rose which early bloomed, daily fading in the brilliancy of its colors,& drooping like the lily of the vale? To see the eye, once so brilliant, sunken, heavy, and dull; and the lips, once so ruby, now thin and pallid? To witness the being so beloved, so cherished, the victim of slow, but unerring disease, not constitutional, but brought on by neglect, by fashion? To see the vision recede from the sight, step by step, until evening frowns upon its setting glory, and the tomb closes upon it for ever!

Crossing the Alps.

The last New York Mirror contains Fay's account of his journey across the Alps. It is a most vivid and eloquent description of mountain scenery;—indeed it forms a picture of itself; and a painter might transfer it to canvass with much fidelity, without any other aid. We make an extract for the gratification of our readers:—[*Boston Traveller.*]

Much as we talk of nature, there are places where we feel that our previous conceptions have been dim and narrow. He, who crosses the Alps, will experience this sensation, mingled with a certainty, that thousand of painters and poets, and millions of others, live and die without even suspecting the power of scenery over the mind. Our journey across the Splugen was to us a day memorable forever. Our recollections are of grandeur—gloomy vastness—awful solitude—eternal sublimity. There were moments during the ascent, of a kind strange and new to me. Whoever seeks something "new under the sun," if he has dwelt on a plain, let him ascend a *veritable mountain*, and he will find it. Awe, amazement, gloom, wonder and *rapture*, during which you cannot smile, combine to elevate you. The road winds up, and up, and up—a mad stream, white with foam thundering all day by its side—amid slopes and cliffs, forests and vales—then a plain and a poor hut, or a ragged town and some beggars. You pause and rest; and then, again, up and up—winding and turning—sometimes through tremendous ravines—sometimes by magnificent waterfalls—sometimes along giddy and yawning gulfs—yet, still, always up and up. Then the face of the earth changes, and the grass fades nearly away, and the naked, everlasting rocks lift their grey backs thro' the soil. The tempests of six thousand years have beaten against them. Now the road steals thro' a desert of endless stones, broken and scattered about—now through a long, dark gallery, wet and dripping—now at the brink of a tremendous precipice, which your imagination would receive as the summit of any mountain; but anon the panting, toiling, sweating horses drag you around an angle of rock; and, lo! above you overhang other cliffs and other mountains in the sky! piles, swell and pyramids of snow and ice; and so near their awful heights as to startle you, the whole line runs yet higher and higher, and you believe not that there is a path still above you—and yet it is. The earth is now totally changed. You wrap your heavy cloak around you in the biting cold.—Dark clouds are rolling gloomily over your path, and the white snow shines beneath you, and the winter wind shakes violently the closed glasses of your carriage; and as the road, still mounting and bending up and up, turns your face now to the right—now to the left—you catch, far below, such awful gleanings of sublime scenery—such dim, wild depths of azure—such forms of cold blue lifted and built up around you in the eternal silence and shrouded in mist and storm, that your very soul is hushed and chilled, and you feel as if Death, the King of Terrors, had there fixed his home; and, were a *spectre* to stand in your path, or to lean and beckon to you from his car of rolling mist, you would behold him without starting, for your imagination can scarcely be more excited. A cataract, which on the plains, would draw all Europe to it as a fashionable resort, is here no curiosity. Its lonely thunder swells and dies away in the interminable solitude. Twenty times we thought ourselves at the height of this stupendous road, and yet its zig-zag course appeared ever mounting far before us up and up, till the cold grew extreme and the darkness of night overlooked us; and we were completely enveloped in heavy, wet clouds, rolling around us like a mighty ocean. * * * For a moment or two we were at a loss. Before us appeared only a brink, beyond which imagination painted a chasm of six or eight thousand feet. Gaspero stopped, and looked around, and we began to consider our resources for passing the night in the sky. At this moment a gust swept our path. The white clouds floated off, and displayed our road descending in sudden angles down, down indefinitely! Off we started upon a trot, committing ourselves to Providence. In little more than two hours, the roaring of the Rhine, through the village of *Splugen*, and the lights glimmering in the windows, announced our arrival, and we alighted, for the first time, at a *Swiss inn*.

[From the Trenton (N. J.) Emporium.]

The way to Winchester.

"Can you tell me the way to Winchester," asked a traveler of a group of people, who stood round the steps of a country store, in the low-lands of old Virginia, one dusky evening.

"Yes," said one, "you go down the road about half a mile, turn to the right, then take the left hand road, and it will bring you to Bum's Ford, cross the river, and they will direct you."

"It looks like a storm ahead," said another, "you had better take the path along the foot of the hill—It is nearer by a mile."

"Cross over the plantations," said a third, "it is hardly half the distance; when you get to the highland you see yonder, the town will be in full view, and you will get in before night."

"And where," asked the traveller, evidently not a little perplexed, "and where does the great road right ahead of us lead to?"

"Oh, that's the way to Winchester—but we thought you wanted to go some nearer way," was the response. The traveller jogged on satisfied with the plain old road, and I dare say got to Winchester as soon, and safe, and sound as he would by any of the by-roads and short-cuts, so kindly recommended to him; for I had the satisfaction when I travelled it a few days afterwards, to find it the most direct, smooth, and pleasant road in all Virginia.

I wrote down in my Sketch Book at the time, "The way to Winchester"—and there it stands to-day, when the comments I meant to make, or the incidents proposed to be connected with the sentence, are forgotten. But they lead to a train of reflections, which we pursue for a few moments.

Here are crowds of busy people in the streets all travelling on in pursuit of some object. Do you ask what it is? They are seeking for *the way to wealth*. Consulting with each other—interchanging opinions—and, perhaps, spending in anxious inquiries the time which ought to be occupied in reaching the object they desire. Let us pause among them.

Here is one who had, after a great deal of search, thought he found that the way to wealth was by the road of *speculation*; but that road has a great many branches, and not a single pointer by the way upon which you can depend. Our friend started first by the road of lotteries, and travelled on until he found himself a long journey further from his goal than when he sat out. He came back to the starting place again, at last, an older man, with an older coat, and darker prospects. He has since been racking his brain to find some way across other people's property: he has bought stocks, but they just as often fell as raised in his hands—he made bets whenever he thought he had got ahead of any one, but he lost oftener than he won—he undertook to buy bargains, but, as often as not, the seller instead of the buyer had the bargain. And now he is almost at his wits end—he would know the way to wealth. Well there it is—the plain old way—as straight and even as the old Winchester road. *Industry and economy, is the Turnpike Road to wealth.*

There is another who has taken it into his head to wait until somebody dies and leaves him a fortune. A third is looking out for an eligible settlement in the way of matrimony, with the chivalric resolution to take for better, for worse, the first bag of gold he come to. A fourth is inventing perpetual motion, or some gimcrackery of the kind, with worlds of wealth in his visions—and a fifth is absolutely going to ride to wealth on a goose-quill. And thus, from a broad, beaten road before them, they turn to the right and to the left—by the ford and by the hills—until, between their short-cuts and by-ways three-fourths of them slip through and are forgotten by the way.

But let us turn over the leaf. Here is a group of the more sober, sage, and thinking, among men. They selected a better defined and more substantial object of pursuit—they seek the road to happiness—yet by as many different routes as the other.

One conceives the way to wealth, and the way to happiness, are the same, and finds his vast mistake in the pressure of cares, and the withering and scorching influence of avarice, as it steals over the heart. Another seeks it in honor—and toils on, the slave of popular caprice—until he sinks beneath his efforts, a victim, and perhaps, a show. Another grasps at pleasure—and finds in every successive indulgence, the wretchedness of disappointment, if not the horror of remorse.

And yet before, the broad, direct and certain road to happiness is open and easy of access to all; reason points to it—experience adds her testimony, and religion her appeals—yet, searching for it in every path, travelling every other road to attain it, the masses of mankind turn from the way of simple virtue and never reach the end to which that pathway leads, and that alone.

A SHORT SERMON.

How to make money.—Do you complain that you have nothing to begin with?—"Tom," you say, "has a farm and Harry has one thousand dollars, but I have nothing." I say to you look at your hands and tell me what they are worth. Would you take one thousand dollars for them or for the use of them throughout your life? If you can make half a dollar a day with them it would not be a bad bargain, for that sum is the interest of more than two thousand dollars, so that if you are industrious and Harry is lazy, you are more than twice as rich as he is; and when you can do a man's work and make a dollar a day, you are four times as rich, and are fairly worth four thousand dollars. Money and land therefore are not the only capital with which a young man can begin the world. If he has good health and is industrious even the poorest boy in our country has something to trade upon; and if he be besides well educated, and have skill in any kind of work and add to this moral habits and religious principles, so that his employers may trust him and place confidence in him; he may then be said to set out in life with a handsome capital, and certainly has a good chance of becoming independent respectable, and perhaps *rich*, as any man in the country. "Every man is the maker of his own fortune." All depends upon setting out upon the right principles, and they are these:

1. BE INDUSTRIOUS.
Time and skill are your capital.
2. BE SAVING.
Whatever it be, live within your income.
3. BE PRUDENT.
Buy not what you can do without.
4. BE RESOLUTE.
Let your economy be always to-day, not to-morrow.
5. BE CONTENTED AND THANKFUL.
A cheerful spirit makes labor light and sleep sweet, and all around happy, all which is much better than being *rich only*.

Maternal Affection.

A mother and her Children in the plague.—In the village of Careggi, whether it were that precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiar malignant nature, one after another—first the young and then the old, of a whole family dropped off. A woman, who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a labourer, and mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumor appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistance for his family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighboring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determined not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh and went away.—But the biggest, hearing the door shut, went to the window and seeing her running in that manner, cried out.

"Good bye, mother," in a voice so tender that she involuntary stopped.

"Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching its little head out the window.

And thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back and the pity and solicitude which urged her on; at length the latter conquered—and amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the cause and fatal import of those tears—she reached the house of those who were to bury her; she recommended her husband and her children to them, and in two days she was no more.

"But," added Barbara, "nothing can equal the heart of a mother."

The Two Sexes.

The following true and elegant paragraph, is from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, whose mind is the dwelling of light and beauty.

"Man might be initiated into the varieties and mysteries of needlework; taught to have patience with the feebleness and waywardness of infancy, and to steal with noiseless steps around the chamber of the sick; and woman might be instructed to contend for the palm of science; to pour forth eloquence in senates, or to "wade through the fields of slaughter to a throne." Yet revoltings of the soul would attend this violence to nature, this abuse of physical and intellectual energy; while the beauty of social order would be defaced and the fountain of earth's felicity broken up. We arrive, then, at this conclusion—The sexes are intended for different spheres, and constructed in conformity to their respective destinations by Him who bids the oak brave the fury of the tempest, and the Alpine flower lean its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows. But disparity does not necessarily imply inferiority. The high places of the earth, with all their pomp and glory are indeed accessible only to the march of ambition or the grasp of power; yet those who pass with faithful and unapplauded zeal through their humble round of duty, are not unoticed by the "Great Taskmaster's eye."

Benefits of a Knowledge of Chemistry.

A chemist in New York was for so[me] weeks employed in making a careful analy[sis] of various specimens of strong beer. Wh[en] he commenced he was a lover and an hab[it]ual drinker of strong beer; now he declar[es] that henceforth he will never drink it: [and] what is the reason? Simply because [he] has found on examination, alum, copper[as] and other drugs that he could name but [not], not which he thinks wholly unfit for [the] human stomach, "except as medicines."

Would gentlemen and ladies drink [a] liquid called Champaigne, if they kn[ew] that nine cases out of ten, all the spirit [it] contains is common whisky, passed throu[gh] charcoal, to render it limpid and colorl[ess] and to deprive it of the oily extractive matt[er] upon which its peculiar taste depends, a[nd] then flavored with drugs of which sugar [of] lead is often one? This cannot be believe[d—] men will not drink poison, knowing it to [be] poison, even for fashion's sake. There h[as] been and is incredulity in relation to the fa[cts] here stated, but the time is near, when the[y] will no longer remain a doubt upon the su[b]ject; when those who continue to buy a[nd] drink drugged and poisonous liquors, w[ill] do so with a full knowledge of the fact, [and] will be in voluntary and unpardonable ig[no]rance.—*Temperance Recorder.*

Deaths by Tobacco.

The Rev. Oren Fowler, of Fall River, [has] published a disquisition on the evils [of] using Tobacco, in which he relates the fo[l]lowing remarkable instances of deaths [by] the inordinate use of Tobacco:—

The late Governor Sullivan, speaking [of] Governor Hancock, the early President [of] Congress, says—"Governor Hancock w[as] an immoderate chewer of Tobacco; but [bei]ng a well-bred man, and a perfect gent[le]man, he, from a sense of decorum, refrai[ned] from spitting in company, or in well dress[ed] rooms. This produced the habit of swa[l]lowing the juice of the tobacco, the cons[e]quence of which was, his stomach beca[me] inactive, and a natural appetite seldom [re]turned; the agreeable sensations of hung[er] could not be experienced but by the use [of] stimulants, to satisfy which he swallow[ed] more food than his disgestive powers co[uld] dispose of. This derangement in chylifi[ca]tion increased his gout, his stomach beca[me] paralitic, and he died at the age of fifty-eight."

Again, says Governor Sulliuan—"[My] own brother, the active General Sullivan began in early life to take snuff. It injure[d] essentially a fine voice which he possess[ed] as a public speaker. When he was an offi[]cer in the American army, he carried h[is] snuff loose in his pocket. He said he d[id] this because the opening of a snuff-box [in] the field of review, or on the field of batt[le] was inconvenient. At times he had violen[t] pains in the head; the intervals grew shor[t]er and shorter, and the returns more violen[t] when his sufferings ended in a stroke o[f] palsy, which rendered him insensible t[o] pain, made him helpless and miserable, an[d] lodged him in the grave before he was fifty years of age; and I have no doubt (says the Governor) but all this sprang from the use of snuff." He adds—"I have known some persons live to old age in the extravagan[t] use of tobacco; but they bear a small pro[]portion to those who by the habit of using tobacco, have been swept into the grave in *early* or *middle* life."

ETERNITY! the only theme that confuse[s,] humbles and alarms the proud intellect o[f] man. What is it? The human mind ca[n] grasp any defined time, however vast; bu[t] this is beyond time, and too great for th[e] limited conception of man. It has no begin[]ning, and can have no end. It cannot be mul[]tiplied, it cannot be added unto; you may a[t]tempt to substract from it, but it is useless. Take millions and millions of years from it, take all the time that can enter into the compass of your imagination, it is still whole and undiminished as before—all calculation is lost. Think on; the brain becomes heated and oppressed with a sensation too powerful for it to bear, and reason totters in her seat, and you rise with the conviction of the impossibility of the creature attempting to fathom the Creator; humiliated with the sense of your own nothingness, and impressed with the tremendous majesty of the Deity.

The Fool's Reproof.

There was a certain nobleman, who kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself: not many years after, the nobleman fell sick even unto death. The fool came to see him; his sick lord said unto him, "I must shortly leave you." "And whither are you going?" said the fool. Into another world," replied his lordship. "And when will you come again? Within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "When, then?" "Never." "Never!" said the fool: "and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there whither thou goest?" "None at all." "No?" said the fool, "none at all! Here then, take my staff; for with all my folly, I am not guilty of any such folly as this."—*Bishop Hall.*

Beautiful Extract.

We do not remember the name of the author of the following—but the idea is beautiful, and excellently expressed.

"I believe that if Christianty should be compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of the philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the throng of busy men, we should find her last and purest retreat with woman at the fire-side; her last altar would be the female heart; her last audience would be the children gathered around the knees of a mother; her last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God."

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